

perfectly disgraceful. It is almost as bad as the way-

Gwendolen flirts with you.

*Jack.* I am in love with Gwendolen. I have come up to town

expressly to propose to her.

*Algernon.* I thought you had come up for pleasure? . . . I call that business.

*Jack.* How utterly unromantic you are!

*Algernon.* I really don't see anything romantic in proposing.

It is very romantic to be in love. But there is nothing

romantic about a definite proposal. Why, one may be

accepted. One usually is, I b<sup>^</sup>Heve. Then the excitement

is all over. The very essence of romance is uncertainty. If

ever I get married, I'll certainly try to forget the fact.

*Jack.* I have no doubt about that, dear Algy. The Divorce

Court was specially invented for people whose memories are

so curiously constituted.

*Algernon.* Oh! there is no use speculating on that subject.

Divorces are made in Heaven {*Jack puts out his hand*

*to take a sandwich. Algernon at once interferes.}*

Please don't touch the cucumber sandwiches. They are ordered specially

for Aunt Augusta. [*Takes one and eats it.*]

*Jack.* Well, you have been eating them all the time.

*Algernon.* That is quite a different matter. She is my aunt.

[*Takes plate from below.*] Have some bread and butter.

The bread and butter is for Gwendolen. is

Gwendolen is devoted to br<sup>^</sup>ad and butter.

*Jack.* [*Advancing to table and helping himself.*] And very good

bread and butter it is too.

*Algernon.* Well, my dear fellow, you need not eat as if you

were going to eat it all. You behave as if you were married

to her already. You are not married to her already, and

I don't think you ever will be.

*Jack.* Why on earth do you say that?

*Algernon.* Well, in the first place girls never marry the men

they flirt with. Girls don't think it right.

*Jack.* Oh, that is nonsense!

*Algernon.* It isn't. It is a great truth. It accounts for the

extraordinary number of bachelors that one sees all over

the place. In the second place, I don't give my consent,

*Jack.* Your consent!

*Algernon.* My dear fellow, Gwendolen is my first cousin. And

before I allow you to marry her, you will have to clear up

the whole question of Cecily\* [*Rings up beU.*]